A

LETTER

TO

Mr. POPE,

OCCASIONED BY

Sober Advice from HORACE, &c.

Quia laceſſiſti prior. TERENT.

LONDON:
Printed for *T. Cooper* at the *Globe* in *Pater-noſter-row.*
[Price Six Pence.]
M.DCC.XXXV.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

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A LETTER TO Mr. POPE, &c.

SIR,

HAVE not met with any body yet, that diſputed in the leaſt your being the Author of *Sober Advice from* HORACE, *as delivered in his ſecond Sermon*; nor any body that did not wonder you would publiſh ſuch a piece. You deny it; and, they ſay, that's all the Satisfaction one ought to expect. But ſee now what you have done: You have given us *An Imitation of the firſt Satire of the Second Book of* HORACE, mighty pretty; of the *ſecond Satire*, not ſo well; intending, I gueſs, to go through the whole; for they not only divert the Town, but, I hear, bring you each of them a round Sum of Money. Deuce take the Author of the *Sermon of Sober Advice*, ſay I, for anticipating you. He has not acted the part of that *zealous and affec-*

tionate Admirer he profeſſes himſelf. Here has he publiſhed a moſt obſcene thing, worſe than any *Bacchanalian* Song made for a Bawdy-houſe, and gravely told the World, that 'tis *in the Manner of Mr.* POPE. And in his Addreſs to you he ſays, he can't doubt but you will patronize an Imitation ſo much in your own Manner, and whoſe Birth he *can truly ſay* is owing to you. If you are not the *Author* therefore, you are the *Cauſe* of it, and on that ſcore not free from Blame. For it was you that firſt ſtruck into this new way of Writing. An admirable Expedient, and worthy of your Sagacity, *to get upon the Back of* HORACE, that you may abuſe every body you don't like, with Impunity! But this Imitator did not know himſelf, nor you. You are a *Raſor*, he a *Wedge*. You pleaſe and raviſh every where without Affectation; he blaſphemes and talks Bawdy. You make a man's Blood crawl upon his Back, even whilſt you are deſcribing and tearing to pieces one of the fineſt Gentlemen and politeſt Scholars in the Kingdom. Your Imitator thinks there's *Wit* in calling HORACE's *Sermones*, *Sermons (a)*; in naming *Reverend Doctor*, and *Doctor in Divinity*; in putting *Bentley* to Notes that wou'd be pointleſs and ſtupid, but that they are ſwoln with *rigid G——i, & caudæ turgent*. To ſee a Man of Dr. *Bentley*'s Age and Dignity and incomparable Learning, writing *Bougre* and *Foutre* Remarks, how delicious it muſt needs be!

Your *Admirer*, out of his *ſingular* and *inward Reſpect* for you, keeps cloſer to his Maſter POPE, than his Maſter HORACE. For whereas HORACE ſatirizes one *Avidienus*, and calls him *Dog*, you have found a Wife for him 1800 Years after; call her *Bitch*, and then ſputter out againſt her all the *Pus atque venenum* col-

(*a*) As *delivered* in his ſecond *Sermon*. *Delivered* too very ſmart! *Vid. Title Page.*

lected,

lected in your Breaſt; even ſo our *ſober Adviſer* finding *Fuſidius* in HORACE, turns him into *Fuſidia*, and then perſecutes the poor imaginary Woman with moſt *horrid* and *brutal Ribaldry*, for which there's not the leaſt Foundation in the Original. He was afraid, as much as you, of dwindling into a ſorry Tranſlator. He might indeed as well have ſaid he was *imitating the Prophet* ISAIAH. This ſame *Fuſidia*, he ſays,

——— *thirſts and hungers only at one End.*

But we have juſt before one *Rufa*, that is

——*at either End a Common Shoar.*

For *Rufa*, hang her, ſhe's a naſty *Bitch*; what, both *above* and *below?* Now *Fuſidia*, becauſe ſhe *hungers and thirſts only at one End*, ſhe ſhall be *filled*; as you'll find it written in *another Sermon* beſides FLACCUS's.

After all, it may be uſeful to have ſome Women complaiſant with the *lower Labia*, and ſome with the *upper*; for as our Imitator tells us,

Different Taſte in diff'rent Men prevails,
And one is fir'd by Heads, *and one by* Tails.

The very next Lines to a Verſe of yours; a delicate one indeed, and worthy to be had in everlaſting Remembrance,

Spreads her Fore-buttocks to the Navel bare.

a verſe too you ſeem to be fond of; for I had read it in the *Miſcell.* and *Dunciad* before it came here.

I can't

I can't help remarking, how dextrous our *ſober Adviſer* is at *engrafting Bawdy* upon the Word of God. I could name another Poet, who has ſucceded in that way to Admiration *(b)*. A Jeſt replete with Profaneneſs and Smut together never fails of pleaſing. There's no ſort of Wit harder to come at. Now as to *Avidien*'s Wife and *Fufidia*, I my ſelf am fully convinced, that there never exiſted ſuch *Monſters*. Dreams of Corybantic (*c*) Poets! I have ſometimes thought, that as a *Songſter* muſt be *in Love*, ſo a *Satiriſt* muſt be *in Hatred* and *Rage* againſt ſome Perſon of diſtinguiſh'd Merit, to ſhew the Acrimony of his Style, and the Purulency of his Wit. Yet I muſt own I have heard, that both the Bolts are directed againſt one particular Female:

(*b*) Let it not be ſuſpected that I mean Mr. POPE himſelf. He, good man! has publiſhed it to all the World in Print (*Vid.* his *Epiſt. to Dr.* ARBUTH.) that he *believes* and *goes to Prayers*;

Thy Word, O God, his Science and Delight,
Task of his Day, and Tranſport of his Night.

Ride, ſi ſapis? Ridete, o Veneres Cupidinesque! You think I banter; but 'tis really a pious Ejaculation of Mr. POPE, laſt Page of his *Eſſay on Reaſon*, publiſhed the other day. *Et dubitamus adhuc?* Are you not yet convinced that Mr. POPE, who really *ſings Pſalms*, and *meditates Day and Night upon the Word of God*, could not be guilty of publiſhing that *Sermon*, redundant with Blaſphemy and Brutality, ſhocking and abominable? Phooh! incredible Paradox! Beſides, would any man that did not laugh at in his Sleeve, did not deſpiſe and *foutre* himſelf of all the World, deliberately ſend it to the *Preſs*, without being *drunk**, juſt *after* an Ethic Epiſtle upon *Happineſs*, and *before* an Eſſay on *Reaſon*? Does he aim at nothing by his *nocturnal Lucubrations*, but to make people *laugh*, and *get their Money? Cur quis non prandeat hoc eſt?* The *Eſſay on Reaſon*, juſt mentioned, is an incoherent, rambling, obſcure Piece, as will be ſhewn when we publiſh a *Critique* upon that and ſome other of his Writings. The Gentleman is got quite out of his depth. He writes about *Reaſon* without underſtanding the nature of a Syllogiſm. Content to prove part of a Propoſition, he leaves the others to ſhift for themſelves.

(*c*) That is, Poets that ſleep with their Eyes open. Κορυβαντῶν is *oculis apertis dormire*; and Κορυβαντιασμὸς the *Morbus imaginoſus*, or φρενῖτις of the *Romans*. PLINY, *lib.* xi. 37. ſays, *Patentibus oculis dormiunt lepores multique hominum*; Hares and Hare-brain'd Fellows.

* *N. B.* He hates drinking. *Atqui ſi id faceres* ſatur, *tacerem.* CATULL.

But

But when I am told again by diſpaſſionate People, that ſhe has a great deal of Wit and Learning, that ſhe is Mr. POPE's very own Siſter in Poetry, and writes almoſt as well as himſelf; not *inferior* to the *Grecian* SAPPHO for Spirit and Delicacy, I again declare it impoſſible. Indeed no *Woman*, let her be as bad as ſhe will, ſhould be abuſed ſo groſsly.

——*Nullum memorabile nomen*
Fæminea in pæna eſt,

is a better Saying than what follows,

Animumq; expleſſe juvabit. VIRG. *Æn.* 2. 587.

I'll venture a Step farther, Compariſons dropt for the Preſent, to expoſtulate with you a little upon your extraordinary Severity to Critics and Commentators. Why do you repreſent them, without Diſtinction, as a Gang of *ſtupid, taſtleſs* Blockheads? If they are content to be *Hewers of Wood* and *Drawers of Water* to you Poets and Wits, you ſhould rather thank and coax 'em, than Laugh at 'em. Different People are carried different Ways. A Man may love Study, without having a Genius for Poetry. Let him be commended if he is any way ſubſervient to Learning. Whilſt you are imitating HORACE, or, as ſome ſay, equalling him, as others, even ſurpaſſing him with ſomething of your own, let the Critics illuſtrate and explain him out of the *Grecian* and *Roman* Stores, or amend him by Conjecture or Collation of MSS. Let me tell you, you laugh at what you don't underſtand. 'Tis a dangerous Thing; and he that does ſo, is ſure to be laugh'd at himſelf. What you have written in the *Dunciad* and *Miſcel-*

lanies,

lanies, by way of Banter upon that ſort of *Criticiſm* that goes upon Conjecture and Emendation, is ſilly and puerile, and every way unworthy of You *(d)*. You ſaid lately in a Converſation of learned Men, that to alter a Book after the Author was dead, was like *altering his Will*. An Aſſertion manifeſtly abſurd and ſenſeleſs, with reſpect to all the *Greek* and *Latin* Authors *Claſſic*, and the *Hebrew* and *Greek* Text of both the Teſtaments. How can it be affirmed even of *Shakeſpear*, whom you your ſelf have rightly *amended* in ſeveral Places; in many more, and of more Weight, Mr. *Theobald?* Nay, in *Milton*, Doctor BENTLEY is certainly right now and then. Who ever diſputed that? Though there are not, I believe, ſo many Corruptions and Interpolations as he imagines. But ſuppoſe he has not ſucceded above twenty times; allow him *ſex ſeptem emendationes* new and true, I am glad he publiſhed *Milton*, even for the ſake of thoſe. When things are wrong, eſpecially BENTLEY's, there's never wanting ſomebody to Criticiſe 'em. That has been done by another learned Doctor and Critic. He too is right ſometimes, and ſo may another after *him*. Maſter RICHARDSON takes it for granted all's right. But why deſcend ſo low as to explain *denſe* and *rare* by *thick* and *thin*. Verbal Criticiſm, ſay what you will, has its uſe; for ſeveral *Errata* are already crept into your own Works. In the *firſt Satire of* HORACE *Imitated*, there is, *Bear the mean Heart*, for *Bare the mean Heart, that lurks beneath a Star:* A very fine Verſe, and worthy to be preſerved clean and uncorrupt to lateſt Poſterity. Now if a Critic ſhould come 500 Years hence,

(d) Vid. *Virgil. Reſtaur.* in the *Miſcell.* Vol. III. where he ventures to write in *Latin*; but 'tis ſuch *Latin*, as convinces me he never writ any before.

and

and cry, read at my Peril, *bare*, for *denudare pectus*; *bear*, for *portare* makes Nonſenſe; what great harm would there be? In your Ethic Epiſtles too, *this faithful Dog* he would be for changing into *his faithful*, *reclamantibus quotquot viderit codicibus.*

Your Eſſays on Man, or Ethic Epiſtles, are much read and commended. Yet I have met with very knowing People, that think you are not equal to the Undertaking. There's an Exuberance of Wit and good Language; and ſeveral Parts of them are *good*, but not the *whole*. There are Starts and Flights of Poetry very fine, but you *prove* nothing. You are often obſcure, twice or thrice unintelligible. You make falſe Judgments of Things, and reaſon wrong from *Premiſſes*. When we fancy we are going to learn ſome valuable thing, you fly off, and leave us in a Smoak. Let any man tell me, when he has read one, or all the Epiſtles, whether he is either wiſer or better for't. If he anſwers, YES, he is *acuter* than I am. There are four Lines in the ſecond Ethick Epiſtle, Ver. 31. generally admired and repeated.

Superior Beings, when of late they ſaw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's Law,
Admir'd ſuch Wiſdom in an earthly Shape,
And ſhew'd a NEWTON *as we ſhew an* Ape.

Now I think the Sentiment here is not juſt. For how are we to take it? Are you *mocking* thoſe ſame *ſuperior Beings*, for regarding NEWTON in no better a light than we do a *Baboon?* Or are you *ſatirizing* the Philoſopher for preſuming to pry into *them?* 'Tis plain, that an Ape is ugly and ridiculous (a *Manteger* more ſo) becauſe ſhe is like a Man both in Shape and Manners. *Si-*

mia,

mia, in TULLY, *turpiſſima beſtia, quam ſimilis nobis!* So that if the Gods ſhew NEWTON, as we ſhew an *Ape*, they muſt think him the moſt abſurd, ridiculous, ugly thing that ever came amongſt them; and as they made Monkeys here below for us to laugh at, they muſt be glad they have got NEWTON in Heaven above, to laugh at themſelves.

I will write down twenty Verſes together from the End of your Fourth *Ethic Epiſtle*; not only becauſe I have a mind to make two or three Remarks upon them, but becauſe there appears in them ſuch a Sharpneſs of Wit, and Vigour of Spirit, as one ſeldom or never meets with. I can truly ſay, that I have more Pleaſure in reading or tranſcribing ſome of your Writings, than in hearing FARINELLI.

Come then, my Friend; my Genius come along,
O Maſter of the Poet and the Song!
And while the Muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To Man's low Paſſions, or their glorious Ends;
Teach me like thee, in various Nature wiſe,
To fall with Dignity, with Temper riſe;
Form'd by thy Converſe, happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;
Correct with Spirit, eloquent with Eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.
O! while along the Stream of Time thy Name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its Fame;
Say, ſhall my little Bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the Triumph, and partake the Gale?

When Statesmen, Heroes, Kings, in Dust repose,
Whose Sons shall blush their Fathers were thy Foes,
Shall then this Verse to future Age pretend,
Thou wer't my Guide, Philosopher, and Friend?

It was thought strange, I assure you, that you would celebrate in immortal Verse Lord BOLINGBROKE; and pitch upon him for your *Genius*, your *Guide*, and your *Friend*. Are you then really content to go down to Posterity with that Gentleman in the same *Bottom*, or a little *Bark attendant?* Can you think the Christian Religion true (you say you *believe* and *go to Prayers*) and not fear being *damned* with him also, not, as *Cromwel*, to *everlasting Fame*, but to *everlasting Torments?*

To fall with Dignity, with Temper rise.

Did he *rise with Temper*, when he drove furiously out of the Kingdom the Duke of MARLBOROUGH? Or did he *fall with Dignity*, when he fled from Justice himself, and joined the PRETENDER?

(e) *When Statesmen, Heroes, Kings, in Dust repose,*
Whose Sons shall blush their Fathers were thy Foes.

Never blush! till our Liberties are *gone*, Popery *come*; which, some say, is stalking towards us *grandi gradu*. Keep it out, I beseech you, O King, Lords, and Commons!

(d) These two Verses are added by the Author of the *Ethic Epistles*, to the last Edition: Which Edition, they say, costs a Guinea, though there are but about twelve hundred Lines in all the four Epistles; the Length of One Book of *Virgil*.

You ſay to Lord BOLINGBROKE, Ver. 261.

Condemn'd in Buſineſs, or in Arts to drudge,
Without a Second, or without a Judge.
Truths would you teach, or ſave a ſinking Land?
All fear, none aid you, and few underſtand.

Save a ſinking Land! Shocking Words, and almoſt treaſonable! He *ſave the Nation!* It was never *ſunk* lower than when he was at the *Helm.* But who *fears,* or does not *underſtand* him?

Painful Preheminence! your ſelf to view
Above Life's Weakneſs, and its Comforts too.

I ſhould have thought this ſtrange ſtuff, if I had met with it in Proſe. But the *Inſpired* can ſay nothing but what is right. What is it, *to be above Life's Weakneſs and its Comforts too?* It is above my Comprehenſion.

You make a great ado with your *Virtue only,* and your *Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.* VIRTUE ONLY in Capitals is one of the Marks to know you by. Is BOLINGBROKE one of your *Virtutis Amici?* Pray, let us know then what you mean by *Virtue.* Is it *Graian* or *Roman?* Or do you mean *Evangelical Graces?* Is it *Charity,* that *ſuffereth long, and is kind,* that *vaunteth not itſelf, nor is puffed up?* Is it *Humility, Love of Enemies,* &c.? He has nothing of them: You have but little your ſelf. I have ſometimes thought, that you put *Virtue* for *Self,* and that *Virtue only* is *Self only*; and that *Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis,* means only, *Uni mihi æquus, & mihi amicis;*

To my ſelf only and my Friends a Friend.

Your τῶν σεαυτὸν is the Motto you had beſt keep to. There

There are ſome Particularities in your Writings, that one would almoſt ſuſpect you *affected*; and yet they are *Coxcombs*, you ſay, that think they know you by your Turn and Manner. Why not? Readers in all Ages have pretended to diſcover a good Writer by that ſingle Criterion. You are always *ſmooth* and *conciſe*; one of the *Veneres ſcribendi* hard to gain. There are ſeveral Moles, perhaps unſeen by your ſelf, in your Verſes, that fix them yours. Good Judges are ſure, whether you *deny* or *own*. Beſides, you have few or no Rivals in Poetry. What is good muſt come from POPE. No body elſe can, or no body elſe will *write*. I have heard too, that when you are going to print any thing, you not only carry it in Manuſcript to your beſt judging Friends for their Approbation, which is right; but alſo when 'tis out, you run about Town to catch People's Sentiments, and

To be treated and flatter'd and tickled with Scandal,
From Dammyblood B-----t *to Lick-ſpittle* M-----

From the higheſt to the loweſt of Mortals; from BURL-------N *Maſter-builder* to CH----EN *the Stone-cutter*. An Imitation, both in Verſe and Proſe, of thoſe Lines of yours in the Epiſtle to Dr. ARBUTHNOT:

Yet ne'r one Sprig of Laurel grac'd theſe Ribalds,
From ſlaſhing B---LEY *down to piddling* T-----LDS.

You are a *Ribald* your ſelf (if I know what the Word means) for ſuch *lewd* and *licentious* talking. From Verſe 146 to Verſe 209, above Threeſcore Lines, of this Epiſtle was printed before, twice or thrice, I think, in the Volumes of the *Miſcellanies*.

'Tis

'Tis called there, *the Fragment of a Satire (f)*; and instead of *From ſlaſhing* B----LEY, 'tis *From ſanguine* SEW---- Who this SEW--- is, I don't know; but why muſt BENTLEY come *ſlaſhing*, and take his Place?

You are grown very angry, it ſeems, at Dr. BENTLEY of late. Is it becauſe he ſaid *(to your Face*, I have been told) that your HOMER was *miſerable Stuff?* That it might be called, HOMER *moderniſed*, or ſomething *to that effect*; but that there were very little or no *Veſtiges* at all of the *old Grecian*. Dr. BENTLEY ſaid right. Hundreds have ſaid the ſame *behind your Back*. For HOMER *tranſlated*, *firſt* in Engliſh, *ſecondly* in Rhyme, *thirdly*, not from the Original, but, *fourthly*, from a *French Tranſlation*, and that in *Proſe*, by a *Woman* too, how the Devil ſhould it be *Homer*? As for the *Greek* Language, every body that *knows* it and has compared your Verſion with the Original, as I have done in many Places, muſt *know* too that you *know* nothing of it. I my ſelf am ſatisfied, but don't expect to make any body elſe believe ſo, that you can but barely conſtrue *Latin*. Were I to allow that you can give the true Senſe of a Page in *Livy* or *Tacitus* at ſight, It would be too much. You have not that compaſs of human Learning, always thought neceſſary to a true Poet. Nor have you ſo much Philoſophy and Knowledge of human Nature, as you fancy you have. Let me adviſe you as a Friend (for a Friend I am, and adore your very Foot-ſteps as a polite Writer) don't hurt your ſelf by your own Writings; have it always before your Eyes, That no Man is demoliſhed but by himſelf.

(f) The Epiſtle to Dr. ARBUTHNOT is improperly called an *Epiſtle*. 'Tis a *Satire* throughout. HORACE made a Difference. His Epiſtles to his polite Friends are not ſtuffed with Bills of Complaint and cruel Deſcriptions, like Mr. POPE's.

This

This *Sermon* has done you more Miſchief than all the *Dunciad* People together: Or rather, *they* have done you none, *this* a great deal. Whether your's or not, is not the Point now. Every body in Talk is *ſure* you are. Every body, except a few *Provoked*, would rejoice to be convinced of the contrary. I have heard Friends as well as Foes ſay, it was a *ſhameful* thing, 'twas *villainous*; that the Author deſerved the Pillory: That to *forge a Note* under Dr. BENTLEY's *Hand*, and then ſet his *Name* to it, was of the ſame nature with Sir P. STRANGER's Crime, and ought to be expiated by the loſs of Ears. What CHARTRES would not have done to get leſs than 500 Pounds, that you are *thought* to have done to get perhaps 40 or 50. Your Friends are quite mute; Enemies talk on. The old *Et dici potuiſſe, & non potuiſſe refelli*, ſticks as cloſe to you as an invenomed Shirt. I have been told, that the great Critic himſelf, who did not read the *Sermon*, till he heard *ſomething* about his Son and you, ſaid after, *'Tis an impudent Dog; but I talked againſt his* HOMER, *and the portentous Cub never forgives.*

I won't conceal what I have heard ſaid of your *Imitations*. That if any body has a mind to taſte HORACE, they need only read *them*. A Cart-load of Commentaries will ſignify nothing without 'em. There's more Wit in 'em, than in HORACE's Original *Sermones*. That you was born to improve and raiſe and refine every thing you touch. You are pulled to pieces for more Imitations. You ſold thoſe already publiſhed for 40 or 50 Pounds each. *Fifty Pounds* for 150, or 200 Lines! The third Satire of the ſecond Book comes next, and has twice as many Verſes as any of the others. You intend to have an hundred Pounds for that. If you have JUVENAL in your view

after HORACE, his Sixth Satire will be worth 150 Pounds. It will come *a propos* juſt before the ſecond Book of Ethic Epiſtles *Of the Uſe of Things* (g); in the Second of which you promiſe to treat of *the particular Characters of Women*. Is the *Epiſtle* to a Lady, *Of the Characters of Women*, all we are to expect? I wonder you would ſet your Name to ſuch a Piece of poor unmeaning *Galimatias*, patch'd up out of the Third Volume of *Miſcellanies*? *Silvia, a Fragment*, and *Verſes to Mrs. M. B. &c.* make a great part of it. How dare you impoſe upon the Public at this rate? 'Tis *ſly*, if not *diſhoneſt*. 'Tis a ſign of an *avaritious* Temper, and ſhews want of *Invention*. You have ſold them already *three* or *four* times. They are coming out again in *Quarto* and *Folio*. Δὶς κεφαλὴ σάνδαλον, *Crambe twice ſerved* was *Death* amongſt the *Greeks*. The Proverb would be more appoſite indeed, if your Verſes were *bad*. *Good* as they are, they be-

(g) What *Things*? *Quære* whether *C--nnorum*, or *Condonorum*? *God's good Things*, or *Man's good Things*? See p. 6. of *Sober Advice*.

'Tis in thy ſelf, and not in God's good Thing.

HORACE has it,

Tuo vitio, rerumne *labores*?

In the ſame Page he tells us, That not *one*, but *divers* Ducheſſes are poxed. He ought to have excepted *nominatim* his Angel M---UE.

Can there be a more odd Sight, than to ſee this Sermoniſer, Mr. POPE, or his Admirer, no matter which, come forth all naked and bloody, with his *Teſtes & Cauda ſalax* in his Hands? *Et pugillares defert in balnea raucus teſticulos*, JUVEN. What an *Erection* of Wit, what a *Tentigo* of Parts in his Note! How he triumphs, and daſhes his Sp---about him! Keep off, O ye Ducheſſes and Ladies of Quality; for he is juſt entered into the deep Meaning of *Permingere* and *Permolere*. Nay, he would not let BENTLEY have the Credit of this glorious Note. 'Tis entirely his own. You will ſee preſently how delighted he is to have *got hold* of that ſavoury Word *Cunnum*. He dreſſes it in *Capitals*; tells us, 'tis in *Engliſh*, *Thing*. Then again in his Note, (hey, jingo!) *Thing* ſignifies in *Latin*, *Cunnus*. Filthy Satyr! didſt thou fear, leſt ſomebody, not well verſed in *the Uſe of Things*, ſhould imagine, that C-- *ſtood* for a P---? A Note in the Manner of Mr. POPE's Admirer!

come

Creature, ſcarce four Foot high (*i*), whoſe very Sight makes one laugh, ſtrutting and ſwelling like the Frog in HORACE, and demanding the Adoration of all Mankind, becauſe *it* can make fine Verſes. This is *ſume ſuperbiam* with a vengeance. Enough for you, ſure, to be called as HORACE was by AUGUSTUS, *Putiſſimum penem, the pureſt Wag-prick*; and *Lepidiſſimum homuncionem, the cleverest parted little Fellow in the World.* But you are above a *Patron.* For all that 'tis certainly a great Happineſs to have a good one. Lord BOLINGBROKE is your *Maſter* and *Guide*, though not *Patron:*

——*You only condeſcend*
Sometimes to call a Miniſter your Friend.

Were MÆCENAS alive, would our AUGUSTUS himſelf *amicitiam ſuam ingerere*, as the other did to HORACE, you would deſire to be excuſed.

Dii magni, Salicippium (k) diſertum!

(*i*) HORACE was ſtill ſhorter; a mere Dwarf, if we may take his own Word for't:

——*longos imitaris, ab imo*
Ad ſummum totus moduli bipedalis. HOR. Sat. 2, 4. Ver. 308.

Our *Engliſh* Bard may truly ſay, that he is *leſs ridiculous* than the *Roman* was:

----*ridiculus minus illa*, Ver. 311.

unleſs the *Roman* Foot was longer than the *Britiſh*; a Point I ſhall leave to be diſcuſſed by thoſe dull Rogues the Critics and Commentators.

(*k*) Or *Salaputium*, or *Salopygium*. O! for a Critic, to tell us which is the right Reading.

A Para-

come *Crambe*, by being recocted and obtruded over and over again. But *Virtue only* cures all things.

Your *Ethic Epiſtles* coſt you much more Pains and Study than your *Imitations*; and yet you won't get ſo much by them. Not ſo many have a Reliſh for abſtracted Reaſoning and Metaphyſics. I compute, that if you go on, you will clear near a Thouſand Pounds. Now your *Ape* the *Sober Adviſer* deſpiſes Money. He only took about Fifty Guineas of B---M---N for this *Sermon* of HORACE, though he knew it would ſell ſo prodigiouſly. 'Tis certain he might have had an Hundred. For when it was whiſper'd amongſt the Bookſellers, That the thing was damn'd ſcurrilous and brutally bawdy---That Biſhops and (*b*) Archbiſhops were maul'd in it---- That there was *C*---- and *Teſtes & Cauda ſalax*, and *f*---- in every other Line---- That the Notes were more bawdy, if poſſible, than the Text; and, to crown all, the *Reverend* RICHARD BENTLEY *Doctor in Divinity his Name* put to 'em; they were all quite mad to have it.

I will juſt mention one Thing more, that appears to me perfectly *Ridicule*; and ſhews what a ſtrange pitch of Conceitedneſs you are come to. You have put for a Motto before your *Epiſtle to Doctor* ARBUTHNOT, the Words of TULLY, ſpoken by one *Great* SCIPIO to *Another*. Theſe you apply to your ſelf in a moſt awkward manner, for no reaſon, that I can ſee, but becauſe you found *Ipſa Virtus* amongſt them. AFRICANUS, one of the greateſt Men that ever exiſted, would not have ſaid them of *himſelf*. 'Tis very amazing, to ſee a little

(*b*) The Story of my Lord of *L*-----*n* and a noted Dean, with the Reaſon why the ſaid Lord taxes another Spiritual Lord with Adultery, will be further enucleated in an Epiſtle to be publiſh'd with all convenient Speed, *Of the Principles and Uſe of Eccleſiaſtical Polity.*

 Creature

A Paragraph and Paſſage of SUETONIUS omitted.

I FIND theſe *Imitations* are ſometimes as oppoſite to the Original in *Senſe*, as they are in *Place*. For Inſtance: HORACE has *Equos* opertos *inſpiciunt*; our Imitator, *Stript off all the Clothes*. Which makes the whole Affair Nonſenſe, and is plainly contrary to the Poet's Deſign. The matter is thus: Thoſe Horſe-courſers had the Horſes they intended to buy brought out *covered*, that they might not be dazzled with Admiration of the *Pulchræ clunes*, &c. ſo far as to buy them for the ſake of thoſe Beauties, even after they had found them to be *ſoft-footed*. The Feet was the main thing. If *ſpa[illegible]'d* or *founder'd*, they had done looking; away with them. 'Tis juſt as a cautious Man lets but little Value upon the whiteſt Breaſt, the blackeſt B---y, the plumpeſt Thigh of his Woman, till he has perſuaded himſelf that ſhe has a clean -----

Somebody having left TIBERIUS for a Legacy a Picture done by PARRHASIUS, where ATALANTA was repreſented complaiſant with her Mouth to MELEAGER (*Parrhaſii tabulam, in qua Meleagro Atalanta ore morigerabatur*) upon this Condition, that if he did not like the Subject of the Piece, he might have inſtead of it a Million of Seſterces (*decies Seſtertium*) he not only preferred it before the Money, but made it *ſacred* by hanging it up in his Bed-chamber; *ſed & in cubiculo* dedicavit. SUETON. *Tiber. cap.* 44.

N. B. *Shortly will be publiſhed* more Notes *to the* Sermon *of* Sober Advice, *in the manner of Mr.* POPE's *Friend and Admirer. By Mr.* ALEXANDER.

FINIS.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM